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MARCH, 1952

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

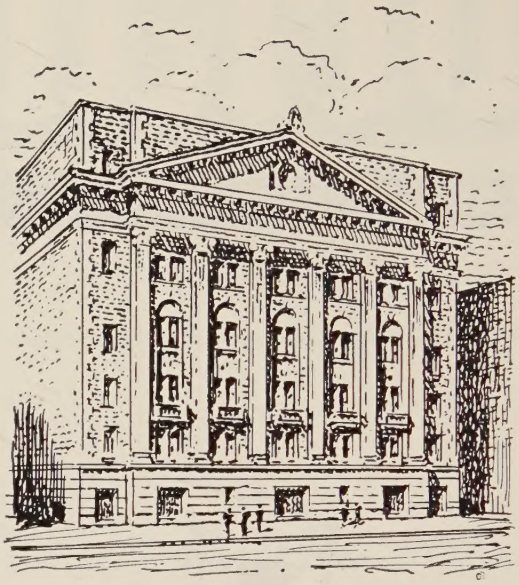
This Issue Is Dedicated

To Our Beloved Pastor

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Who for 40 Years

Has Been Our Inspiration



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam

Volume XXVIII *March, 1952* *Number 12*

LENTEN SERMON SERIES

Sunday Mornings During March

11 a.m.

By Dr. Preston Bradley

"FIVE NECESSITIES FOR THESE DAYS"

March 2—"THE NECESSITY FOR HOPE"
March 9—"THE NECESSITY FOR FAITH"
March 16—"THE NECESSITY FOR PRAYER"
March 23—"THE NECESSITY FOR LOVE"
March 30—"THE NECESSITY FOR ACTION"

* * *

Sunday Evenings During March

7 p.m.

By Dr. Preston Bradley

"FIVE GREAT QUESTIONS FOR THESE TIMES"

March 2—"IS THE WORLD COMING TO AN END?"
March 9—"IS THERE A CONFLICT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION?"
March 16—"DOES MODERN MAN NEED GOD?"
March 23—"IS PROGRESS A DELUSION?"
March 30—"DO WE CONTROL OUR DESTINY?"

* * *

Book Lectures—March to Easter

March 5—"THE LIFE OF THE SOUL"—Samuel H. Miller
March 12—"QUESTIONS PEOPLE ASK" —Robert J. McCracken
March 19—"WORLD RELIGIONS AND THE HOPE FOR PEACE"—David Rhys Williams
March 26—"MR. JONES, MEET THE MASTER" —Peter Marshall
April 2—"SAINTS WITHOUT HALOS"—Alvin E. McGary
April 9—"AN OLD BOOK IN A NEW AGE"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

SINCE my last visit with you I have traveled many miles, had many interesting experiences and met many interesting people. My difficulty in writing "Along the Way" is one of selection. The space is limited and time is a controlling factor. I am always anxious to share with my readers the experiences which have most influenced me and which will become abiding memories in my life.

When one is doing as much speaking as I am, on a wide variety of subjects and before audiences of diversified character, the challenge of preparation is ever present. In my work I always strive to do the immediate task at hand as well as my limitations will permit. I never for one moment feel that I can afford to hazard the danger of momentum or past achievement. Each occasion to me is distinctive, each has its own personality, each its responsibility and obligation.

During the past month I have spoken to groups of high school students, university undergraduates, laboring men, Jewish groups, civic groups, cultural organizations, organized sport. The challenge which my work creates keeps me constantly alert to contemporary events and modern activities of society. The cumulative result of this I trust is a freshness of outlook and a crispness of treatment. It is impossible for me to grow stale or to live in the past and do the work which I am trying to do. By ever widening the areas of interest we get a better picture of the whole problem of society, civilization and religion. There is always the danger of being a part of many things and master of none. This I try to avoid, but I know I could never be satisfied with the mere routine of my profession.

The most rewarding aspect of my professional life as a clergyman is incorporated in the word "pastor." Pastor is the latin word for shepherd and to me there is no higher ideal for a clergyman than being a pastor, and the most rewarding of all pastoral work is visitation of the sick. Every Sunday morning I receive from May H. Harrison, the Church Secretary, a list of the sick of the congregation, and before the next Sunday I make every effort to see every person on that list. There is hardly a day of my life I am not in one or more hospitals or making one or more sick calls. Friendships I have made in this aspect of my work constitute the most inspiring associations of my ministry.

If a young pastor should happen to read these lines, my first admonition to you would be, do not neglect your sick. They need you and the experience will deepen and strengthen the foundations of your own pastorate.

* * *

By the time you read these words, Ash Wednesday will have passed and we will be over the threshold of the Lenten season. Although we are a non-liturgical church in an ecclesiastical sense and do not emphasize the importance of the ecclesiastical calendar, during the entire period of the forty years of my ministry we have always placed special emphasis on the Lenten Season. I have been asked frequently why we do so and some of our Roman Catholic and Episcopalian and ultra-orthodox friends have asked why we pay any attention to it whatever.

No church has a mortgage upon

Lent. No ecclesiastical system has any control over it. Setting aside a definite period in which the realities of spiritual truth are emphasized and considered is needed by everyone, irrespective of their religious loyalties. The physical or material aspect of the Lenten Season is by far the least important. Denying one's self meat and gorging one's self on fish is of little value, and merely obeying certain Lenten laws of observance is ineffectual. It is the deepening of spiritual sensitiveness to real values which is the heart and soul of the Lenten Season.

It is a time when we seek communion with the invisible power and by elevating our thinking and our living, develop spiritual growth. If we cultivate assiduously staying in the presence of the best we know; if we keep our minds and our hearts cleansed from the corroding influences of materialism; if we consort with excellency, we are practicing Lent. If we do these things, the climactic beauty and triumph of Easter Day will not mean a return to the lower levels. We shall have gained spiritual altitude. We shall have more effective fortification to withstand the assaults of the material, mechanistic world we are in.

The Lenten Season is the most valuable of the entire year, and no matter what one's theological dogmas might be, or what one's church affiliation, by keeping a period of such spiritual dynamics we will be able to meet more adequately the pressure and challenge of modern life. Our church each Sunday during Lent, each Wednesday night, and all of Holy Week, will emphasize this attitude toward Lent. It is not for us a set period in a church year in which we practice certain dynamics, but it is a designated period in which we try to develop perception, appreciation and growth. In this spirit let us all utilize the Lenten period for cultivating the spirit of good will, of kindness and of brotherhood.

* * *

One of the speakers at the Sun-Times book luncheon was Nikolas Nyaradi, author of "My Ringside Seat in Moscow." No one who is desirous of knowing (and who isn't?) what Moscow is like ought to neglect reading "My Ringside Seat in Moscow." It is authoritative; it is factual; it is revealing. What a big mistake the Soviet powers made in ever permitting this man to get out from behind the Iron Curtain!

Through the kindness of Mrs. Glenn Frank, wife of the lamented President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin, I was invited, after the Sun-Times Book Luncheon, to the Cordon Club, to meet two most distinguished people in present-day American literature. The value of these personal meetings far transcends simply hearing a man give a lecture or an address. I never had met any of them, but I had read much they had written.

Dr. Henry Seidel Canby is one of the most distinguished of living literary critics and has written many important books. The last is his study of the great novelist, Henry James. I was most impressed with Dr. Canby. He is not the dominant, aggressive type who imposes his opinions or who captures the conversation and never releases it. He was quiet, reserved and impressive.

Dr. Allan Nevins, who is a Pulitzer prize winner for his biographical work on Grover Cleveland, and is Professor of History at Columbia University, is one of the most gracious, scholarly men I have ever met. I have often had the experience of meeting authors, actors, yes, and even ministers for whom I had great admiration and regretted I ever had a personal contact. It takes a truly great man to carry gracefully achievement and honor, and the truly great person never attempts impressiveness.

There were only about seven or eight of us in this little circle, but the ideas expressed and the attitudes indicated made for me a most interesting and vital experience.

Dr. Canby has much to do with one of the best of the literary magazines published in America—the "Saturday Review of Literature." I can well understand the recognition the "Saturday Review" has, when I know it is under the guidance of Dr. Canby and his fine staff of associates.

* * *

One of the books which is on my lecture list for a Wednesday evening lectureship in February and which has attracted not only national but international recognition is a book by William F. Buckley, Jr., entitled "God and Man At Yale." I read the book when it first was published and was convinced then it would create a sensation. It has gone beyond my expectations. It has inspired more argument and created more controversy than any book which has been published in a long time and the end is not yet. Important monthly magazines like the "Atlantic" have devoted considerable time to the pro and con of the discussion. Newspapers have been filled with it. Educators throughout the nation have been expressing opinions about it. The universities and colleges are all reading it. It has brought to a head a situation which has been long overdue for an airing. I am not going to discuss here the merits or demerits of the book, but the other evening I had the opportunity of meeting the young man of 23 who wrote the book, at a debate which he held with Ed Marciniak, who is Editor of "Work," the organ of the Catholic Labor Alliance. I always enjoy a debate; in fact, from the time of my early high school days I was on a debating team, and whenever I hear a debate announced between debaters of consequence, with a subject of importance, I try to hear it if it is at all possible.

In the early days I had many debates of my own. When I look back now and realize that I had several debates with Clarence Darrow, with Art Morrow Lewis and Prof. George Burman Foster, on those never-to-be-forgotten Sunday afternoons at the Garrick Theatre, I realize the help they were to me. I believe in more debates and not less. The issues have changed these years, and the old debaters are gone, but for exchanges of argument and for purposes of constructive discussion there is nothing comparable to having two authoritative personalities discuss the opposite sides of controversial questions.

I was interested in hearing this debate, because, although the author, William F. Buckley, Jr., in his book does not identify himself as a Roman Catholic, he is a loyal communicant of the church and of course Mr. Marciniak is also a Roman Catholic and identified with the Catholic Labor Alliance. Here are two members of the same church taking opposite positions and that, too, is good.

Mr. Buckley is a young man with a fine personality and indicates in his speech and manner scholarship and character. He was quiet in his discussion, used very few gestures, made no accusations and hardly raised his voice above the conversational level. Mr. Marciniak was a little more vigorous in his presentation and handled his point of view adequately. It was an inspiration for me to see these two young gladiators present their respective points of view. Mr. Buckley could be classified as an extreme individualist. He is against the whole philosophy of the New Deal and the Fair Deal; believes in the individual and a continual lessening of governmental con-

(*Continued on page* 12)

REMEMBER SUNDAY, MARCH 30th

At both services, morning and evening, we want to make it the finest day in the history of The Peoples Church of Chicago!

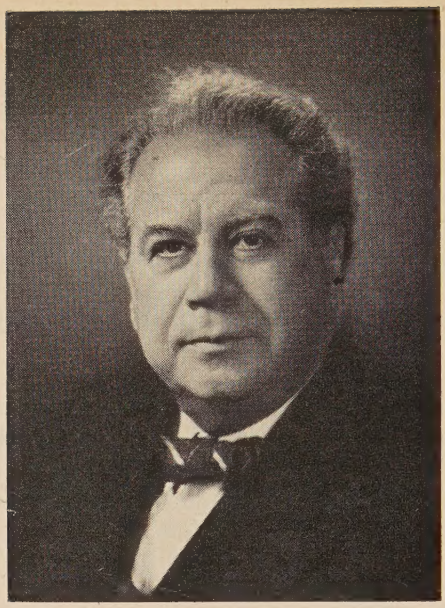
On that day our Pastor, Dr. Preston Bradley, will observe the FORTIETH YEAR OF HIS PASTORATE IN THIS CHURCH!

Every member, every radio listener and every friend of Dr. Bradley's is invited to share in this joyful, significant and important occasion.

At the morning service The Reverend Dr. Frederick May Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, of Boston, Massachusetts, will share the pulpit with Dr. Bradley.

In the evening Dr. Bradley will preach his 40th Anniversary Sermon at 7 o'clock. With him will be minister friends and civic leaders of the City of Chicago.

Please mark the day now on your calendar and let us all who have been touched or helped by his inspiring ministry demonstrate our appreciation and affection on this memorable day.



"He has kept men on their feet."

RADIO MINISTER

To Dr. P. B.

My heart was sick with sorrow, sharp and keen.
All earth was dark, the sun was hid from sight,
And life itself seemed only lived to wean
A soul from its God-given chance for light.
Then to my lonely room came from the air
A voice that spoke to me, to me alone.
The words were those of one who seemed to care,
Who never used the hated word "atone."
"Start where you are! Look forward, never back.
"The sun is always there, though its bright rays
"May now be dimmed by clouds. Lift up your pack
"And walk with faith and love to brighter days."
I clung to words that were a golden rope
And by its strands climbed up to find new hope.

—*Elizabeth Porter*

(Courtesy "Line-O'-Type"
Chicago Tribune)

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—March 3, Conservation and Natural Resources Department ..... 1:00 p.m.
March 17, Past Presidents' Day. International Relations Department
March 31, American Citizenship and Legislation Department

Professional and Business Woman's Club—March 11. Program to be announced. Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Men's Club—March 24, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director.
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age)
March 7 and March 21 in Bradley Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday night in the Church Auditorium .... 8:00 p.m.
Auditions ..... 7:30 p.m.

Usher's Club—Notices mailed, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday Anderson Hall .. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts, Cub Pack No. 3864, January 25, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast .. 11:00 a.m.

WHY I AM NOT AFRAID OF THE FUTURE

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1951

AS I rise in my pulpit to deliver my last radio sermon for the year 1951 and the last occasion in which we will have the opportunity in the present year of being together as Pastor and People, the sense of responsibility is one which I feel very deeply and one from which I hope I will in no sense retreat.

If I did not believe in two things which have constituted throughout the length of my entire ministry the motivating imperative for everything I have tried to say in the pulpit, I would never enter this pulpit again. I have put something of these two things in every sermon I have ever preached. I have put something of these two things into every radio broadcast I have ever made. I have put something of these two things into every book I have ever written, into every lecture I have ever made. They have been the great dominating imperative. They have been the inspiring motivation and have constituted for me the only excuse for my ministry which I know.

The first is my belief in progress. If I did not believe in the principle of progress as a part of the historical and evolutionary processes of the cosmos of which I am a part, I would never rise to public utterance again. Nothing which has happened in the entire recorded history in the life of mankind; nothing which has happened in the tragic, almost demoniacal examples of the tyrants and the beasts who have coronated themselves in the lives of man in the past; nothing which has happened in the rise and fall of empires and the disintegration of nations; nothing which has happened to the moral fibre or the ethical structure of humanity in man's capacity to seek (a capacity which is verified upon every page of human history); nothing which has happened in all this ceaseless whirling thing called the world and to all the people in it; nothing has destroyed in my heart a faith in progress—the capacity of man to grow, to advance, to develop, to achieve, to live life in terms of victory and of power. If I believed in that tragic fatalism which belongs to the majority of our leaders, which characterizes so much of the preaching and the public utterances of today, I would have nothing to say. I would take off these ecclesiastical garments of mine and I would cast them aside. I would find nothing in the inspirations and the creativeness of music, of art, or beauty. Even the sacrificial love of friends would lose its strength and its power.

I believe in progress. And I believe in the potentiality of man to ascend ever higher and higher in the scale of the reflected divinity of his own origin, for man was created in the image of God, and anything which man has done or will do will never destroy the allurement, the attraction, the wistfulness of the vision of God. And as long as that exists in the human consciousness, man will never contentedly accept disaster, defeatism, poverty, war, hatred as being the final and permanent answer to man's pilgrimage upon the earth. Dominating everything I have tried to say from this pulpit and over this microphone has been an ever deepening awareness that when man was first whispered into reality by the Creative Intelligent Spirit of the Universe which I call God, there was indicated in that creation itself a confidence in the

created. God created man for a great purpose. We are here on a great mission. Humanity is about something. We are here for a great purpose. And all the little selfish minds and dwarfish consciences; all these impotent emphases upon the permanency of evil and the ultimate triumph of power; all the littleness of the interpretation that a minority of men will be saved in the final economy of God's love is revolting to me. It is as revolting as a vile odor. I believe in the dignity of man. I believe in the greatness of man. I believe in the divinity of man. To me every human heart is a part of the divine heart and every human being is a part of the divine being. Therefore I cannot accept the littleness of humanity, nor do I accept its inheritance of an original character so vile and filthy and low that it is a contemptible thing. Man was born reflecting his own divinity. Man has a potentiality which can only be compared to the great potentiality of the Divine Himself. Therefore I do not accept as final the verdicts of little transitional temporary association. Therefore I do not accept my own little prescribed place in the cosmos of things and my own contemporary moment in which I live as the final moment in the destiny of man.

Sang the poet, "Our little systems have their day. They have their day and cease to be. They are but broken parts of Thee and Thou, O God, are more than they." As long as your concept of God is beyond the limitations of man, the limitations of man are constantly being dissipated and annihilated. There is no limitation to the human intellect. There is no limitation to the human heart. We are miraculously made. We are the embodiment of God's dream and we are the coronation of God's hope. Dare you tell me that God's dreams are but mysteries and nightmares? Dare you tell me that the hopes and confidence which God had in you and in me when he breathed us into reality from the mystery of the darkness of the womb—dare you tell me that the human soul and the human mind and the human heart are but the playthings of some unutterable and dastardly plan of destiny and pattern of history? Dare you tell me that we are trapped and caught like squirrels in a cage, to go round and round and round and round? With history repeating itself, with every hope of peace stilled, with the dream of a decent society and a world community of brotherhood and love but the hollow cries of the defeated hearts and our thwarted lives? Shame on you! Shame on the person, priest or minister of God who preaches the littleness of man and man's incapacity to share in the creative divinity which is in his own life! No! I believe in progress. I believe that every hour of life is a different hour than the one preceding it; that every year is a stepping stone to the higher reality of our ultimate fulfillment and that in the end for every life there is greatness and available beauty; that we are ordained from the beginning, which was before the beginning, until the finality which is the dissipation of our incomprehension. Man and God together—PROGRESS! I believe that! And all the philosophers and materialists of the 19th and 20th centuries; all the mechanical scientists; all of those who interpret the naturalistic evaluation, the humanistic processes of humanity as being the ultimate of man's aspirations, I repudiate! I repudiate them all! They are earth-bound; caught in the meshes of their own limitations. They are self-blinded. They can't see unto the ultimate achievements of the ministry of progress. Man has always had an urge toward the sky, as he sought to build his architectural towers, symbols of his

own aspirations. Every spire of every cathedral is a living evidence of the aspirations of man. In the deep dark valleys of his life, when life caves in about him and heartaches and sorrows rend and torture him, does man turn his face down to the clod, to the scientific explanation in the field of mechanistic naturalism? No! He couldn't stand the agony of life if that were the answer. Man turns his face upward. The spirit of man turns upward. As long as that spirit turns toward the infinity of God's divine love, man will grow. Man will progress. Man will find a way. In spite of all your little mechanics and all your temporal machinery, all the sense of finality, your frustrations, your hopelessness, your helplessness, the feeling that we are caught in an economic web; or that man is only conditioned and implemented by economic determinisms and the mechanistic philosophy of the pagans that if man is healthy and clothed and his physical needs answered, then his destiny has been realized—when man sees the horror of that, the restlessness of his spirit will turn against it. The spirit of man, cannot be ruled by machines, by laws, by United Nations, by international world courts, by political programs, by prime ministers and presidents, nor by any of the mechanistic machinery with which man seeks to make articulate his dreams and his visions and his hopes—these things will have their little day. They will have their little day and cease to be. But man will find the way to answer, in the future in which I believe, the tragedy of war. Man will not be satisfied much longer. There are evidences in every country in the world that man is getting restless. Man will refuse to be a pawn upon the chess board of the world's diplomacy. Man will refuse one of these days to be played with upon the chess board of fate by the hands of selfishness and greed and power. Man knows that these things are not final; that they cannot last. Man will find a way to overcome poverty and disease. He will find a way in that bright tomorrow to stop war. Yes, he will—yes, he will! If I didn't believe that, for what purpose do I speak to human souls? That is my confidence. That is my faith. And associated with that belief is a deep-seated intuition or knowledge—I care not what you call it (you may not think of it as a result of the rationalizing processes of my intellect—you may think of it as an emotional expression of my heart—that matters little to me); but I believe as much as I believe anything and I believe it more sometimes I think than some of those I hear shouting from the housetops how much they believe about this and about that—I believe in the potentiality of man to fulfill his destiny! I believe that this destiny is a part of the great plan and pattern of the Infinite Spirit of Love and of Beauty and of Goodness and of Truth. And I know that my life span will not be here to see it and I know that it may be ages and ages away. What of that? When you are dealing with the eternal concept it is said a thousand years are but a day. We can wait. When we are dealing with eternal things we can wait. And the processes of history are being beaten out upon the anvil of human experience. And history is but the philosophy of experience. That's all history is—a philosophy of experience.

We will go on, from year to year, from eon to eon, from age to age—the heart and the soul and the mind of man will go on—the divine and eternal trinity upon which our faith and our hearts build a foundation under our lives that nothing can shake. Our hearts may break. We may fall into sin. We may fail to become the reflection of the

Divine Creator who breathed us into being. We will stumble and fall and we will go on falling and stumbling, but humanity is falling and stumbling toward God! The fall of man is the ascent of man! That is my faith! Upon it I have built a lifetime. I shall carry it with me in my heart until the last breath and the last day of my life. And as this old year evaporates into the mists of the past and we cross over into a new year just ahead, whatever that year had for me; whatever that year had for my country; whatever that year had for my world, I know that it will all be a part of the evolving processes divinely adjusted, sympathetically attuned to the will of God. Oh, Man, you have a high destiny! Fulfill that destiny and let it reflect your own dignity and your own greatness!

CHURCH NEWS

USHER'S CLUB WILL PRESENT HALLORAN CHORALISTS

Every year the Usher's Club give the church, its members and friends, a treat. They bring us a splendid program. This year the treat is to be a Sunday evening Concert by the "Choralists" under the direction of John Halloran. The "Choralists" have risen with unusual momentum to popularity and acclaim by all music lovers in this city.

After a recent concert, Mr. Felix Borowski, music critic, writing in the *Sun-Times,* had this to say of the Halloran Choralists: "Well deserved acclaim for Halloran Choralists . . . Fullerton Hall was filled. . . . There was no doubt about the listeners' enthusiasm, which was well deserved, for the singers achieved some of the most notable choral interpretations of the season."

Most of the members of the "Choralists" are professional singers and our own Peoples Church Quartet members, Marcia Sandahl and Arwin Schweig are members of this group. The Ushers are indeed fortunate in securing the "Choralists" for a concert in our church.

The Ushers have arranged for the tickets to be less than half the cost charged at Fullerton Hall: $1 for adults and 50c for children. The Ushers were greatly complimented on the quality of the concert which they presented last year with the Studebaker Male Chorus and feel that they are presenting a group who will give a superior performance this season. All lovers of good music will find a treat in store for them. It will be an event to which you will be proud to bring your friends.

Our members do not need to be reminded that the Ushers serve the church continuously, faithfully and are unassuming in this service. We know our members and friends will come out in big numbers to prove to the Ushers both that we like good music and that we appreciate their loyalty and faithful service.

The date of this concert is Sunday evening, April 20, the Sunday following Easter Sunday. Mark the date on your calendar now and buy your tickets early, that the Ushers may be assured well ahead of the date of the full support of the entire church membership.

* * *

OUR CHURCH SCHOOL

Present—Future—And Past

The report came in to the Editor's desk, "Our Church School, Past-Present-Future." However, it seemed to the Editor that the present and the future are the immediate concern and we can always take time after these events are

over to glance over our shoulder, so the events will be taken up in that order.

"The Shrine Circus"—March 7th

Friday, March 7th, the children of the Church School will be treated to another grand performance of "The Shrine Circus," thanks to the Shrine and the efforts of the Sunday School's Pal, Noble Lou Hangel.

Class Party—March 21st

The Squaws and Braves will have a whoopin' good time at the Class Party sponsored by the five, six and seven-year-old Classes under the direction of Joan Hudson, Loretta Krauvice and Helen Neindorf. Reserve this date, March 21st, and see an Indian War Dance at 7:30 p.m., Anderson Hall.

Spring Family Dinner

Gracious! Here is a May date sent in for the March number. Makes it sound like Spring is just around the corner!

That May date is so important, we put it down here and you may use this part of your Liberalist for a Spring calendar of engagements.

Here it is, then: Friday, May 2nd, Annual Spring Family Dinner. Doctor Preston Bradley, Guest of Honor. Remember, it's his 40th Anniversary in the Peoples Church this year, so this is a very special dinner in its importance. There is listed, a Wonderful Dinner, Top Entertainment and Fellowship Sunday School Style. Everybody welcome.

Over Our Shoulder

And now we glance back and remember that on Sunday, February 3rd, the Keyword was "Inspiration." The thought was exemplified by Mr. Leon Urbane, who honored the Church School with his presentation of that inspirational film "The Monarch Butterfly or a Complete Nature Cycle." Only those who have been fortunate enough to see this film can understand the gratitude of the Sunday School for this presentation.

February 15th, the Sunday School had the pleasure of helping the very splendid group, "The Channing Club," present their Penny Carnival. The Church School feel "It's an honor to belong to that fine group, the Channing Club. They get things done right!"

Along The Way

(*Continued from page* 4)

trol. His opponent represented a more liberal attitude of government and spoke eloquently for the rights of labor and the working man.

It is a hopeful sign when two young men can present as effectively as was presented that evening I heard them, arguments which are basic and fundamental. I have found many evidences that young people today in high school, college and university are thinking creatively, constructively and critically about the contemporary world—more so than ever before. It is encouraging.

* * *

People often hand me clippings as I go about my work, and the other day a gentleman handed me a little quatrain which was attributed to James Whitcomb Riley. I had never seen it before but I thought it so beautiful I am going to pass it on to you here. The gentleman came up to me after I had given an address and said to me:

> "On your voyage through life
> May you always have
> God's hand at the helm
> And His breath in the sail."

What finer sentiment could one express for anyone than is found in these beautiful words? They convey to you, my reader and friend, my hope and prayer for you during the Lenten Season.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

WE entered into the Lenten Season on February 27th. In this season of the year more than any other we need the concentration on our inner life which directs and controls the outer. Why am I here in this world? What is my aim? Am I going in the right direction? Do I know and use the resources within me? Am I just and kind to my fellow men? These are the questions to which one seeks for an answer at the Lenten Season.

The Lenten Season means the exercising of the spiritual muscles. Never in our history was it more necessary to apply the lessons and teachings of Lent to the whole area of our national, economic and industrial life than it is now. Our nation needs a Lenten Season. All the United Nations need a Lenten Season. From the President of the United States to the humblest citizen of our nation, there is need for us all to enter with humility, with introspection, self-examination, devotion, sacrifice, into the spirit of this hour.

Selfishness and greed, intolerance and hatred of others, bickerings and fault-findings, criticisms and condemnations, all these undermine, weaken and destroy. The Lenten Season is in opposition to these ignoble attitudes.

Lent means the accumulation of spiritual energy; Lent means the increase of our sensitiveness to the needs of others; Lent means moments of devotion and conservation and dedication. Lent means the cleansing of the dross; it is the separating of the wheat and the chaff; Lent means developing sufficient strength so that any emergency, any situation, any crisis, any difficulty, any problem of life can be met triumphantly and victoriously.

Lent means devotion to the highest and best we know. Lent means staying in the presence of the superlative, the excellent, the good, the true, the beautiful. Lent means putting all dependence upon an eternal truth. Lent means the deepening of the foundations under this nation. Lent does not belong to any group, to any sect, to any creed, to any Church. It is a principle as universal as God himself, and the practice of it

means the building of those powers which will withstand every storm and tempest that may arise here or anywhere in the world.

The greatest and the bravest men and women of human history have been the men and women who cultivated a dependence for their strength and power on the eternal. All else is shifting sand and miry clay.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

AS I start to write this Mail Bag I have just put down from my hand Dr. Bradley's sermon published in this March number, *Why I Am Not Afraid of the Future.* If you are reading these lines, and have not yet read the sermon, which you will find on page 8 please turn to it at once and read it before you read another thing. Then think whether you have any friend or acquaintance who is perhaps a bit discouraged or whose spirit needs a lift. Hundreds of Dr. Bradley's sermons have given me inspiration and help, but it seems to me *Why I Am Not Afraid of the Future* should be read by every adult in this country. So let us who read *The Liberalist* be a channel for the inspiring words of that sermon to reach as many others as we can. I know when you have read them you will have the same feeling I have just had:—*Oh, I wish all my friends could read these words.* They gave me such a feeling of satisfaction in being alive. They pointed out a purpose in life. And that seems to be what we all need to keep us contented. We forget the real purpose of life I think.

From the very first moment I began to listen to Dr. Bradley over the radio, before ever I moved to the north side of the city, I received the inspiration of new interests in life; from him I heard of a book of interest—an organization well worth belonging to—a cause I might become interested in and help in some way. Because of Dr. Bradley's wide range of interests and activities, my field of interest, as a mere listener on the radio, widened and developed. I can truthfully say that my interest in life picked up and started marching on from the moment I began to listen to Dr. Bradley. And so, like the hundreds of others he has helped, he has "kept me on my feet." Did you ever stop to think of the blank space across the sky of your life there would be if you did not have Dr. Bradley to listen to? I have thought of that many times, as I work in his Study and read over his sermons and editorials.

I have the further inspiration that comes from seeing the letters which arrive from near and far—from abroad, from those to whom he has preached in Europe and the British Isles; from the West Coast, the East Coast, from the Gulf States and from those that border on Canada, as well as the hundreds of letters that pour in from Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota—to say nothing of those that come from Illinois and the immediate area of Chicago.

There are letters from people in every walk of life; from men, women and little children; from officials in industry, from officers of the innumerable civic organizations in Chicago; from the penitentiaries and prisons; from hospitals and from ships in mid-ocean.

Then I try to imagine the vast army who must have been helped through his forty years of service in Chicago and my imagination fails me. We often read how impossible it is to count the worth of one good thought, one helpful act. Let us say one member in a family is lifted from defeat and despair by the words of Dr. Bradley in a Sunday sermon. No one member of a family can be given inspiration without the reflection of that ray of light casting its beams on all the other members of the family.

So I am grateful that the strange web of life brought me within the aura of the influence of Dr. Bradley's life and work; grateful for the enormous advancement that has come to me in liberality of thought; grateful for the widening of the avenues of life. It is quite impossible to express all that knowing Dr. Bradley and working for him has meant, and I doubt if I even have a true conception of the scope of his influence in my life. More than any other person he has made me aware of the great and vast power of speech for good or for ill.

Elizabeth Porter, past president of the Professional and Business Woman's Club of the Church, and its present program chairman, has expressed it all so beautifully in her "Radio Minister" which you will find beneath Dr. Bradley's portrait on page 6. And now that I have sung my altogether inadequate little paean of praise, let us turn to the Mail Bag and see what others are saying:

Mrs. Frances Larsen of Evanston, who has a cross to bear in that a son of 24 will never be normal again since having been discharged from service, writes in part:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: While I have never had the pleasure of shaking your hand, I must take time to write you that your religion has been mine for a long time. I never miss your Sunday broadcasts and very often hear you on Sunday evenings at your church. I feel very inadequate in expressing myself, but I feel you do more good than any one person I know of."

* * *

Dr. Bradley often has letters from people who have been or still are members of the Peoples Church, but because of a change in geographical location now find it impossible. They attend a church in the city where they now live and then begin to long for the liberal point of view, liberal attitude and understanding which they have formerly known. Such a letter follows and because of its content perhaps we had best not mention the lady's name. She will receive a copy of this Liberalist and some neighbor might come in and pick it up, which might create misunderstanding.

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Every day of my life I appreciate more and more the great lessons you've been teaching through your writing and preaching. I thought the sermon 'What is a Christian?' was one of the best you've ever preached and came at just the right time. I do hope this is going to appear in a Liberalist. I surely want this one to keep forever as a very definite crystallization of our mutual beliefs.

"The reason it was so apropos is that we are having a study group at the Presbyterian church for the leaders and teachers (I help in the kindergarten, where my lack of Presbyterian doctrines doesn't matter). Oh, is this

course something! We've just had two meetings, the first on Incarnation and this on Redemption. The next ones won't be so difficult for a rebel like me —they're about miracles, etc. But I surely wish there were a liberal church here or I lived nearer Chicago. But of course I get out your writings and get all straightened out again. They just make it so difficult for the poor people who are Presbyterians, but who really never knew what they subscribed to anyway. I don't know what course to take when they get so involved except to keep as still as a mouse, though I sometimes think our beliefs might straighten a lot of them out when they've been confused all their lives.

"I *so* wish I could go to a church where my whole heart and soul were in it. But what alternative is there? I often wonder what *you'd* do under the same circumstances; being geographically located so you couldn't attend your own church. I understand it isn't hard a Sunday or two to attend other churches, but constant association, especially when they emphasize their doctrines in a study group like this makes me feel maybe I'm doing the wrong thing.

"The people are lovely and the minister fairly tolerant for a Presbyterian. Isn't it strange how many have said to me, 'Oh, I'm so glad I'm a Presbyterian,' but how few know what they subscribed to.

"I want to have that sermon so badly on 'What is a Christian?' I also wish with all my heart someone would put you on television again, I assure you I'm praying for it."

* * *

The following letter from Mrs. Thomas Lippeatt of Sullivan, Indiana, was written after reading Dr. Bradley tell of his visit to his childhood home in Linden, Michigan, the home now occupied by his sister, Mrs. Russell V. Judson:

"Dear Friend, Dr. Bradley: I have just finished reading your account of Christmas in the January Liberalist. I just must say a word about your experience in your old home on that day. It is such a wonder to me that so many will endure such hardship to be with their loved ones on this special day, when it's just another day, after all. But you were so repaid at the end of the journey!

"Your description of that gathering brought tears to my eyes, as I can see how affected you were and how those dear ones love you. It is a blessing that you have them in your great losses, so recent. I sat and meditated over the picture and my heart was touched deeply.

"I am so compensated in having the Liberalist which keeps me up with your activities which are numerous and which inspire me to go on. I, too, have had just the experience in a loss that you have had.

"The great things in life mean nothing compared to these little acts that sink deep. To be so helpful to so many is, I know, a compensation to you and your thankfulness and gratitude, so often expressed, gives you health and strength to go on.

"May it be many years yet that you can be with your church and those who can hear you over the air. I go to a small church here which is out soon enough that if I hurry I can get home in time to hear most of your sermon. I regret to miss it. You hear this expressed often, no doubt, but to one who has previously had better chances of hearing worth-while sermons in the churches I formerly attended, hearing your services over the air means much to me. Since you have expressed yourself as being happy to know of these little experiences, I have presumed to

write, for it has been from the heart.

"I pass my Liberalist along to others, hoping I can make someone else happy, too, in your sermons which are indeed helpful to me. I thank God for great souls like yours.

Most cordially,
Katherine D. Lippeatt.

* * *

I include this letter which is a reaction from one of Dr. Bradley's addresses outside his church, as it is so typical of reactions that come from Dr. Bradley's civic work and interests:

"Dear Doctor Bradley: How can I tell you how much everyone appreciated your great message yesterday at the Goodwill Industries meeting?

"I wish you might have stood beside me after the meeting to hear the grateful comments. I am sure you must have noticed that not a person even moved during your talk, from the very first sound of your voice until the last—one could have heard a pin drop.

"Delegates had come from all over and your comforting words that 'there will come a day when the world will be at peace,' will be reported to many, many hundreds of church and club groups through the delegates present.

"Thank you again and please know that my prayers are with you through this almost unbearable and lonely time for you.

"A friend of long standing,
Esther C. Warner."

* * *

Here follows just a grateful note on a small card, from one who is helped daily:

"You are my pastor, Dr. Bradley, and you 'keep me on my feet.' Sometimes the aggravations come thick and fast in my job as china salesperson at Marshall Field's. As I sit at your feet on Sunday mornings I am filled with enough inspiration, and faith, and simple everyday philosophy to carry me through the next week.

"You show us how to transpose God's spirit of Love into everyday living. You give us faith in our fellowman and in ourselves. God bless you!

Sincerely,
Aline Austin."

* * *

On a Sunday in January, Dr. Bradley preached on "Did You Ever Have the Blues?" During the sermon he spoke of chasing the blues away and said someone ought to write a song about it. Well, the poems and verses started pouring in. Hilda Butler Farr, well-known Chicago poet of "Farr Horizons," sent the following:

GOODBYE, MR. BLUES!

Goodbye, goodbye old Mr. Blues,
I'm sick and tired of you;
You have a hold upon my life
Regardless what I do.
But I will cut from out my heart
The deep despair you bring,
And try instead to see the sun
And find a song to sing.

Goodbye, goodbye old Mr. Blues,
You cannot keep me down.
I'm planning for the future
Without a tear or frown.
Some days are dark and all the world
Seems pressing close to me;
But I will rise on top of it . . .
You watch and you will see.

Goodbye, goodbye old Mr. Blues,
I'm sending you away,
And hope we NEVER meet again
On any kind of day.

—Hilda Butler Farr

* * *

On a sheet of notepaper with a sprightly spray of lovely forsythia in an upper corner, (that bell-shaped little flower that one sees very early in the spring, and that blossoms before it leaves) comes this thank-you for a hospital call made by Dr. Bradley:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I want to take

time out to thank you for calling on my husband, Tony Petrasek. It meant so much to both of us. It will be one of the very nice things that has happened to him, as I felt so honored when you also found time to stop and see me while I was there.

"My mother wrote you. I had so wanted to, but put it off, knowing how terribly busy you are. I believe you also belong to Medinah as Tony does.

"Please forgive the composition of this note. My nerves are getting the best of me, and I realize how lonely it is being alone all the time.

"You wrote me such an encouraging letter regarding my son at one time. I'm so proud of him, as he is all a son should be, and a father himself, now.

"God bless you, Dr. Bradley. I feel so deeply I just can't express myself.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Anton L. Petrasek."

* * *

Here is a letter we must include, for it comes from one who will have many friends reading it—Mr. Victor G. Miller, for so many, many years a faithful usher in our church. He writes from Atlanta, Georgia:

"Dear Friend and Pastor: On our television set last week we had the pleasure of seeing you and hearing your voice at the Hundredth Anniversary Celebration of Marshall Field & Co. You looked so real and your voice was so clear that I had a feeling you were in our home and I walked up to our set and said 'How do you do, Doctor, welcome to Atlanta and to our home.' But all good things must come to an end, and in a few minutes you were gone. But I am grateful for the short time I was able to see you and hear your voice.

"Well, speaking about anniversaries, my wife and I will have one on the 26th of February, when we will be married 50 years. Sorry we will not be in Chicago, but our thoughts and memories will be with our dear friends in Chicago who are still alive.

"We have many good and kind friends here in Atlanta who will help to celebrate this day. People ask me, 'How has it been to be together these 50 years?' I reply, 'I have had a wonderfully good wife, who has been my pal and good friend through bad times as well as good. Also, we love each other, and always will, and more each day.'

"Dear Doctor, I can say the following which is straight from my heart. All the years I have attended the Peoples Church and helped in my small way in ushering for many years, I always looked and waited for Sunday morning, when I could go to church. To be at the services and hear you preach helped me in many ways. When the weather was bad, and I did not feel 'so hot' and I was tempted to stay home and listen on the radio, I would say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Before the morning was over I would feel like a new man and all would be well in this world.

"I want to tell you, Doctor, that many things that you have said in your sermons have helped me over the bad days and that when you have love and friendship there can be no bad days. I am grateful for the time I first heard your voice in the old Wilson Theatre Building, and for your friendship all these years; and regardless of how old I get, I shall always remember how you look and talk. I pray every day for you, that you will have your health and strength to carry on, and I know that someone who has lost their way, on hearing your voice on the air will realize that good will always get the best of evil, will find the path that leads to better things.

"Well, I will say goodbye now, send-

ing my thoughts of love and friendship over the miles to you.

Yours as ever,

Victor G. Miller."

* * *

For our closing Mail Bag letter, I think you will appreciate this lovely note of appreciation from one of our own Choir members:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: When something wonderful happens to a person, there is the need to share it with an understanding soul, big enough to accept it for its true values; so I come to you, the source of my spiritual interpretation.

"I would like you to know what a great new happiness and vitality has come into my life through your inspiring and encouraging sermons over the years. Specifically, at your sincere repeated invitations, I have gathered courage to present myself to our choir director, and have been accepted into this fine group.

"For a long time I have had a great desire to praise the Lord in song. Somehow, prayer did not sufficiently express my heartfelt gratitude for all the wonderful things I have experienced in my fifty years of life. I must sing His praise to be happy.

"A few years ago I wrote you with the request that my visiting son-in-law would be permitted to do a solo at a Sunday service as an expression of thankfulness. This did not materialize due to unavoidable circumstances, and I now realize that it would not have completed or ended my personal desires for long.

"I will borrow words of more learned men and say that 'You are a great new light shining forth from the cultural and spiritual field of today, providing us with sustenance for the soul.'

"I believe in telling the living about the good they are doing, rather than wait to praise them after they are gone. If I seem presumptuous, please forgive me. It is meant for your pleasure.

"My name and myself are not important, but it is important to me that you know how much we love you and appreciate you.

"May the Lord continue to bless and keep you here to lead us and our church.

Sincerely,

Marie P. Wysatt."

* * *

And to Marie P. Wysatt's closing words, I say "Amen."

KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM!

BOOK CHATS

ONE of the books which I am planning to review during the Lenten Season is *World Religions and the Hope for Peace,* by David Rhys Williams, published by the Beacon Press of Boston. I know David Rhys Williams personally and I believe what he says in this book should be read and studied thoughtfully by all people who are interested in and hope for world peace. He writes from the point of view of a religious liberal frankly more concerned with positive appreciation than negative criticism; trying to discover, if possible, a common spiritual dynamic as the basis of world understanding and co-operation. Mr. Rhys believes there are enough common elements in the religions of mankind to enable the na-

tions of the world to understand one another's systems of values, and to lay upon them the moral obligation to keep on striving for a just and durable peace until such peace is achieved. Because I wish to whet your interest in reading this book before the lecture which will be given March 19th in the church, I give you here a few of the chapter titles: The Reasonableness of Confucius—Mo Ti and the Will to Peace—Lao-Tse and the Inner Life—Akhnaton and the Concept of One God—Krishna and the Law of Compensation—Buddha and the eightfold Path—King Asoka and the Rock Edicts—Zoroaster and the Struggle Against Evil—The Hebrew Prophets and the Heart of Religion—Socrates and the Search for Truth—Jesus and the Joy of Christianity—Marcus Aurelius and the Stoic Virtues—Mohammed and Racial Equality—Francis of Assisi and the Lady Poverty—Baha'u'llah and World Federation—Mary Baker Eddy and the Conquest of Fear—Karl Marx and the Religion of Communism—Gandhi and the Power of Soul Force—The Golden Rule in All Religions—The Hope Immortal in All Religions—Religious Liberalism and the Free Mind Principle—The Religious Foundation for the New World Order. I hope you will read this book before the book lecture on it.

* * *

You might then like to see what a group of distinguished thinkers have to say about *Religious Faith and World Culture,* in a book edited by A. William Loos and published by Prentice-Hall of New York. This symposium was planned under the guidance of the joint Education Committee of The Church Peace Union and its affiliate, the World Alliance for International Friendship through Religion. Mr. Loos says in the introduction, "This book is exploratory, designed primarily as an introduction to a more intensive study of the interaction between religious faith and world culture. The chapters that follow, however, make their own distinctive contribution to a comprehensive grasp of our contemporary predicament. Even more important, they suggest the directives for all who would help establish peace with justice among the world's peoples and thus effect the healing of the nations."

There are four parts to this book, *Religious Faith and Contemporary Man, Freedom and Order, Toward a World-Embracing Culture* and *Conclusion.* The opening chapter, entitled *What Do We Mean by Religion?* is by Harry Emerson Fosdick. There is, at the beginning of each chapter, a brief biography of the author of the chapters. The second chapter, by K. G. Collier, Senior Lecturer in Education at St. Luke's College, Exeter, England, is on *The Situation We Face: A Sociological Analysis.*

Harry Emerson Fosdick in his chapter points out that nationalism has served a real purpose in mankind's development, "and around our national sovereignty and culture such pride and loyalty have gathered that the transition to an international frame of mind is difficult. How to keep the cherished values of nationalism and still achieve international government, backed by the loyalty of world citizens—that is a problem!" And he continues:

"We confront a similar dilemma in religion, so that it is important to insist that the attitude we are pleading for does not involve the surrender of our real values in our separate faiths. The recognition of universal elements in home life does not mean that we must strip our families of those special customs which our history and tradition have made precious. In every area of human experience, local peculiarities are valuable."

Speaking of the service of the church he continues:

"Similarly our sectarian peculiarities have their good uses. The separate churches have performed an important service in history, representing minority convictions which the majority was denying or neglecting, and often with creative vitality, playing the part of trail-blazers and pioneers. Today, however, that emphasis is not enough. We are living in one world—one world, not only for the nations, but for religion too. To have religion go on as one of the most divisive and alienating forces on earth, as it now is, so that religious prejudice and racial prejudice are commonly and correctly paired as major curses of mankind, will never do. 'New occasions teach new duties,' and our new era urgently calls for a kind of religion which will make for unity, mutual understanding and brotherhood.

"This shift of emphasis, this change of mind, this focusing of thought and care on the common ground where all deeply religious men and women can understand one another is not a utopian dream. Not only are we *pulled* toward it by our idealism, we are also *pushed* toward it by the momentous pressures of our generation; and repeatedly in history, when the pull of idealistic hopes has been backed by the push of practical necessity, something has happened."

Mr. Collier then speaks of the sociological situation we face and Mr. Gordon W. Allport, great psychologist and past president of the American Psychological Association, has a chapter on a psychological analysis of the situation we face. "The psychologist," he contends, "looks at our human situation with a certain professional bias. He sees it in terms of bewildered but aspiring individuals — two-and-a-half billion of them, increasing in numbers at the rate of 55,000 each day. His bias leads him to believe that *ultimately* the roots of our present difficulties, and the hope for their solution, lie in the habits, attitudes, and personal outlook of this multitude of individuals."

Mr. Allport considers as potentially very important the new discoveries in the fields of psychological and social science. "We are coming at last to learn something about the conditions for peaceful group living, and for the reduction of aggressive tendencies at home, in industry, and in international relations. In certain modern schools the subject of Human Relations has come to be called the 'fourth R.' Universities are establishing centers, institutes, laboratories, of 'human development,' 'human relations,' 'social relations,' 'social science'. . . . I venture merely to assert that man's social relations need no longer be guided by chance and by prejudice. If we have the will to improve them—in home, school, factory, or at the international conference table—we can do so. . . . What is not yet widespread is the will of teachers, industrialists, and statesmen to alter their policies and practices to accord with these findings. But the outlook is growing more hopeful. . . . The vision of an emerging world culture is fortified by two important developments: by a realistic social science, and by a growing maturity in religious and ethical conceptions."

I think I have given you a sufficient taste of what is in store for you in this anthology of opinion by nineteen distinguished thinkers, that you will not rest until you have either bought or borrowed from your nearest branch library this book, *Religious Faith and World Culture,* which I highly recommend for Lenten study.

* * *

In this particular Book Chat I am not attempting to list merely recent

books, but such books as I feel are appropriate and especially timely for this month of March. I have in this number of our Liberalist published my own lecture list to and including Holy Week and it seemed to me that our readers might appreciate having suggested some special reading for Lent. I believe I have mentioned the next book I shall speak of before, but because at this season of the year I am often asked "What do religious Liberals believe?" I shall recommend that you read a book by that very title—*What Do Religious Liberals Believe?* by my very good friend and very well known Unitarian minister of The Peoples Church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The seven chapters of this little book of 94 pages answer such questions as what is liberal religion, and what religious liberals believe about such subjects as prayer, the Bible, about Jesus, about God and about immortality. And he sums up in a chapter which he calls "What's the Matter With the Church Today?"

* * *

Originally published in England by George Gibbons, Ltd., of Leicester, is a book entitled *The Churches in English Fiction,* by A. L. Drummond. Dr. Drummond is a scholar whose researches have penetrated deeply into English life and literature, but his enthusiasm is so infectious that his book reads like one of the novels he describes. The publishers tell us this is a pioneer work and not only will it be of value to the student of literature but also to those interested in social history, particularly in the sphere of the influence of Church and Chapel on English family life in town and country. It will be especially enjoyed by those who have found pleasure or interest in the work of the great nineteenth century novelists.

Dr. Drummond enables the reader to view the changing pattern of English and American life from an entirely novel angle—through, as it were, the church window. On a fly-leaf we are told that it is a literary and historical study, from the Regency to the present time, of British and American fiction. It might be very interesting to find, as we look through the church window by way of our literature, what once we thought and how our thinking has been influenced by the passing of the years and by our changing world.

* * *

There is a list put out by the Chicago Public Library called "This is America's Story" as told in novels, but we will tell of its contents in our April number.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY 16 to FEBRUARY 15

JANUARY

16—Book Lecture. Peoples Church
17—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library
Dinner conference re United Unitarian Appeal
18—Appointment at church with photographer for "LOOK" magazine
Conference re television
Address. Toman Library Forum
Wedding
Funeral
19—Two funerals
Radio Broadcast. WBKB-TV
20—Two services. Peoples Church
Address. Chicago Alumni Assoc., Hampton Institute. Church of the Good Shepherd.
21—Luncheon and Address. Old Peoples Home, 4784 Vincennes Ave.

22—Luncheon meeting. Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination
23—Reception. Casino Club
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. West Rogers Park B'nai B'rith. Cine Hall
24—Funeral
Wedding
Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library
25—Address. Annual Luncheon Goodwill Industries. Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
WENR-TV Television broadcast
'Teen-age Forum
26—Address. Carroll County Annual Farm Bureau Meeting. High School, Mt. Carroll, Illinois
27—Two services. Peoples Church
Wedding
Address. Swedish Club. Herring Breakfast
28—Address. Annual Dinner, Adventurer's Club, for 30th Meeting of "Original 54" of the Izaak Walton League of America
Address. Men's Club. Peoples Church
29—Conference Luncheon
Appointment WBBM
Address. Peoples Church. POAU
30—Funeral
Wedding
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
31—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library
Address. Faith Presbyterian Church

FEBRUARY

1—Funeral
Address. Outdoor Exposition. Coliseum
2—Wedding
3—Two services. Peoples Church
4—Conference. Dr. Morriston J. Thomas
5—Funeral
Sick calls
6—Radio Broadcast. WJJD
Meeting. Commission on Human Relations
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
7—Address. Preston Bradley Day. Uptown Lions Club. Edgewater Beach Hotel
Address. 34th Annual Reunion Old Timers' Baseball Assoc. Grand Ballroom. Hilton Hotel
8—Funeral
Hospital calls
9—Three weddings
Hospital calls
10—Two services. Peoples Church
11—Two funerals
Board meeting. Chicago Public Library
12—Two funerals
Attendance Gold Room, Congress Hotel, Forum of Chicago Council on Foreign Relations
13—Book Lecture. Peoples Church
14—Address. Food Products Club Luncheon. Hotel Sherman.
Television conference
Address. Blue Island Lion's Club
15—Funeral

WEDDINGS

JANUARY

18—Nelly Belle Walter and Ray Wainwright
24—Ann Holmes and Stanley J. Patla
27—Elin M. Sveen and Harold C. Hildmann
30—Harriet Kelley and Paul Eggleston

FEBRUARY

2—Joan Mahr and Marvin Glickman
9—June F. Stewart and Charles F. Slade
Grace C. Lemke and Robert Gerald MacBride
Florence Wickham and Melvin Anderson

CHRISTENINGS

FEBRUARY

10—Edward Earl Chrisman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chrisman
10—Michael Timothy Rowan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Rowan
10—Sally Ann Rowan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rowan

FUNERALS

JANUARY

18—Mrs. Marie Gerhardt
19—Mrs. Gertrude Hankins
John H. Bunte
24—Mrs. Frances Ludlow
30—Mrs. Louise von Hagen

FEBRUARY

1—Thomas W. Milner
5—Mrs. Anna Ebbeson
8—Mrs. Maude M. Rosenberg
11—Mrs. Rebecca Lyon Chisholm
Leo R. Klinge
12—Anton Zeman
Gustaf Zuegel
15—Lucius C. Harper

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